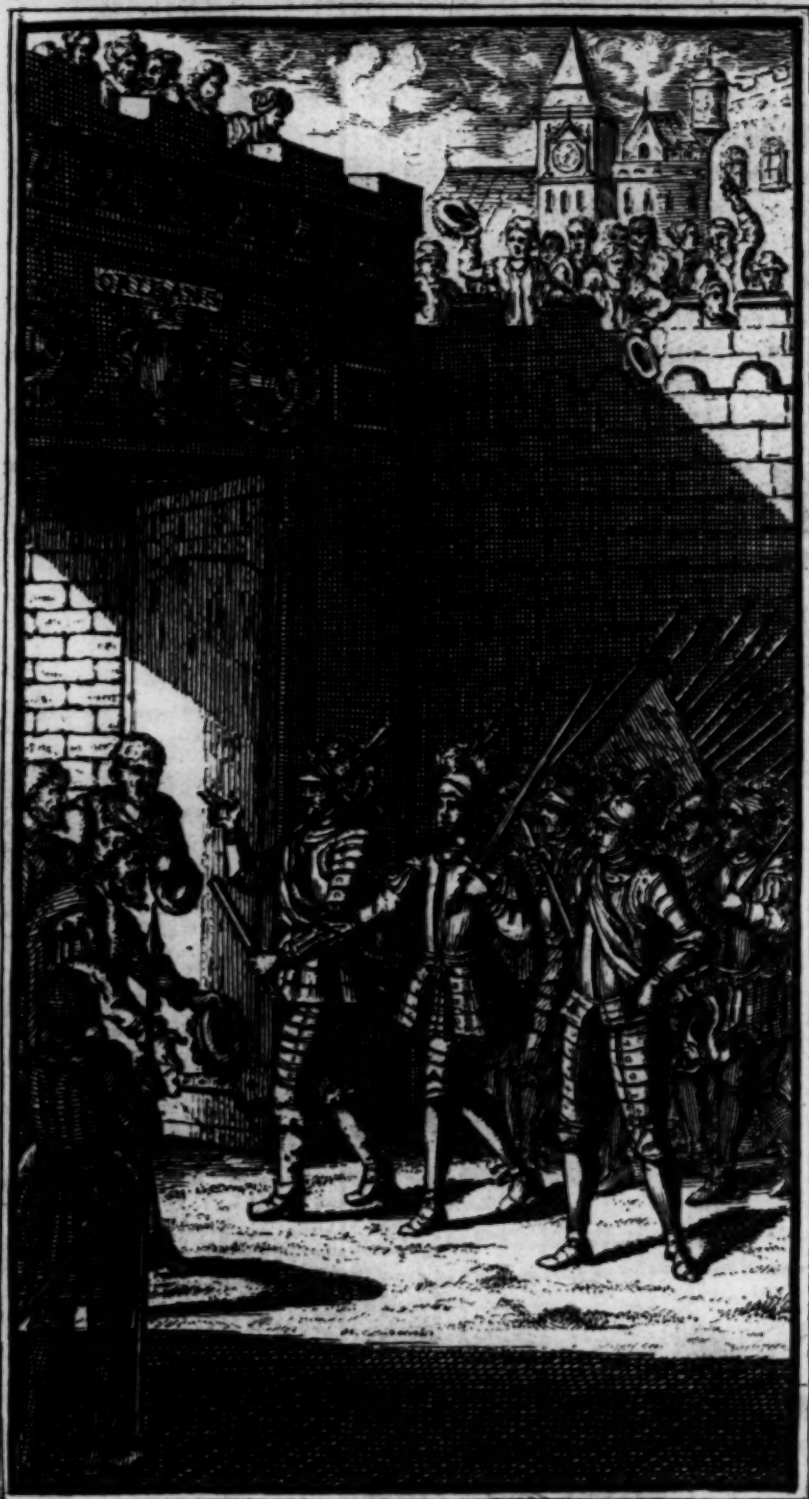
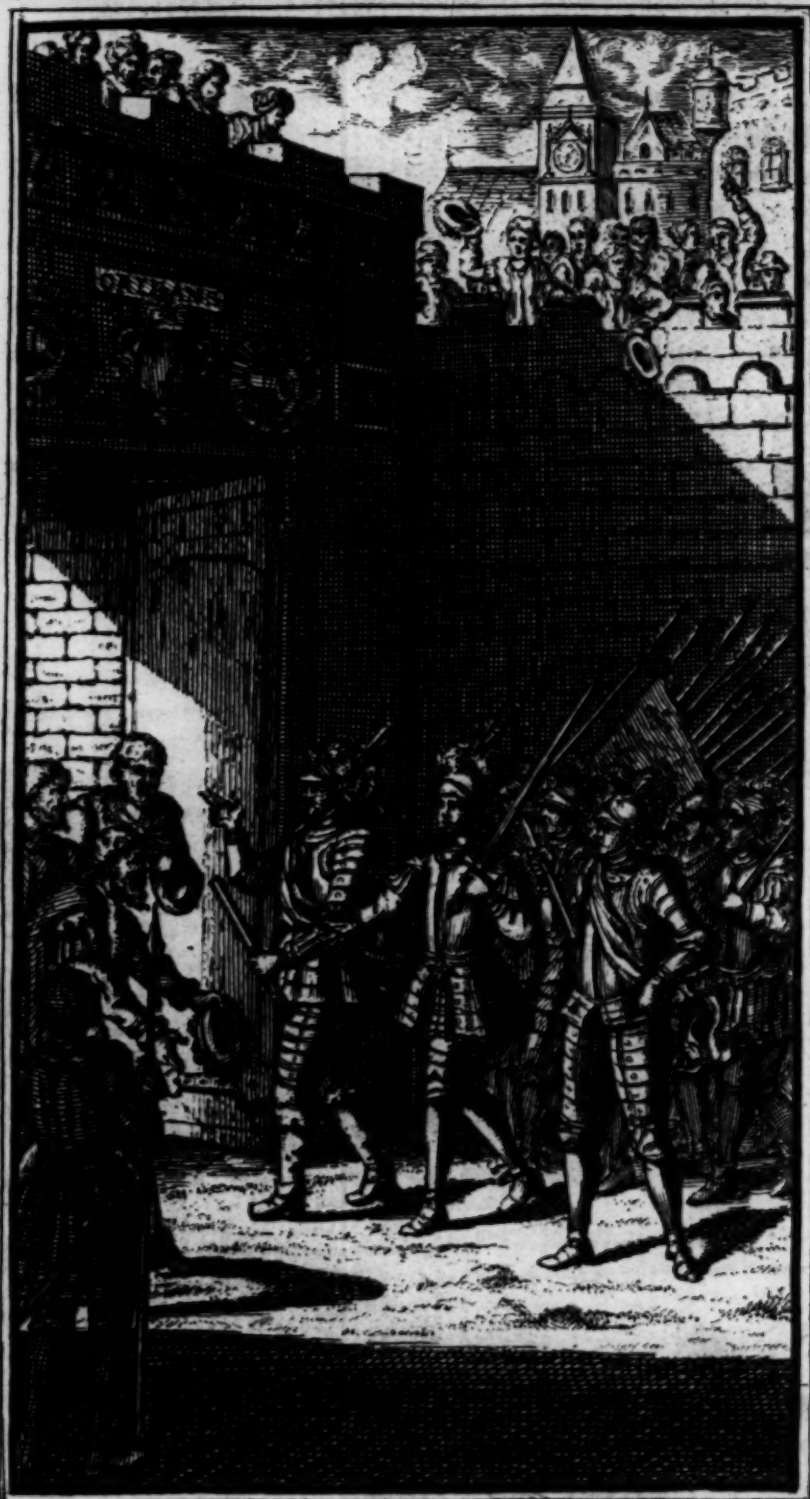




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V. 5. p. 3.

THE
FIRST PART

OF

HENRY VI.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



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M.DCC.XXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

King Henry VI.

Duke of Gloucester, Uncle to the King, and Protector.

Duke of Bedford, Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.

Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and Uncle like-wise to the King.

Duke of Exeter.

Duke of Somerset.

Earl of Warwick.

Earl of Salisbury.

Earl of Suffolk.

Lord Talbot.

Young Talbot, his Son.

Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York.

Mortimer, Earl of March.

Woodville, Lieutenant of the Tower.

Lord Mayor of London.

Vernon, of the White Rose, or York Faction.

Basset, of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.

Charles; Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and Titular King of Naples.

Duke of Burgundy.

Duke of Alanson.

Bastard of Orleans.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

Margaret, Daughter to Reignier, and afterwards Queen to King Henry.

Joan la Pucelle, a Maid pretending to be inspir'd from Heaven, and setting up for the Championess of France.

Countess of Auvergne.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

The SCENE is partly in England, and partly in France.





The FIRST PART of
King *HENRY* VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloucester, Protector; the Duke of Exeter, and the Earl of Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

BEDFORD.



UNG be the heav'ns with black, yield
day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and
states,

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto *Henry's* death:
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long,
England ne'er lost a King of so much worth.

Glou. *England* ne'er had a King until his time:
Virtue he had, deserving to command.
His brandish'd sword did blind men with its beams;
His arms spread wider than a Dragon's wings:
His sparkling eyes replete with awful fire

The First Part of

More dazled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech;
He never lifted up his hand but conquer'd.

Exe. We mourn in black, why mourn we not in
blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted *French*
Conjurers and forc'ers, that afraid of him
By magick verse have thus contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the *French*, the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battle of the Lord of hosts he fought;
The church's pray'rs made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church? where is it? had not church-
men pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd.
None do you like but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a school-boy you may over-awe.

Win. Glo'ster, whate'er we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and realm;
Thy wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious church-men may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in
peace:

Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us;
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that *Henry's* dead.
Posterity await for wretched years,
When at their mothers moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a * marish of salt tears,

* *nourish.*

And

King HENRY VI.

5

And none but women left to 'wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens;
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make
 Than *Julius Cæsar*, or bright——†

SCENE II.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all;
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of *France*,
 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture;
Guienne, *Champaign*, and *Rheims*, and *Orleans*,
Paris, *Guyfors*, *Poitiers*, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's*
 corpse?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
 Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death

Glou. Is *Paris* lost, and *Roan* yielded up?
 If *Henry* were recall'd to life again,
 These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery, but want of men and money.
 Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
 That here you maintain sev'ral factions;
 And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
 You are disputing of your generals.
 One would have lingring wars with little cost;
 Another would fly swift; but wanteth wings:
 A third man thinks, without expence at all

A 3

By

† I can't guess the occasion of the Hemystic, and imperfect sense, in this place; 'tis not impossible it might have been fill'd up with——*Francis Drake*——tho' that were a terrible Anachronism (as bad as *Hector's* quoting *Aristotle* in *Troil.* and *Cress.*) yet perhaps, at the time that brave Englishman was in his glory, to an English-hearted audience, and pronounced by some favourite Actor, the thing might be popular, tho' not judicious; and therefore by some Critick, in favour of the author, afterwards struck out. But this is a mere slight conjecture.

The First Part of

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
 Awake, awake, *English* nobility,
 Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot;
 Crop'd are the Flower-de-luces in your arms,
 Of *England's* coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
 These tidings would call forth † her flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern, Regent I am of *France*;
 Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for *France*.
 Away with these disgraceful, wailing robes;
 Wounds I will lend the *French*, instead of eyes,
 To weep their intermissive miseries.

S C E N E III.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-
 chance.

France is revolted from the *English* quite,
 Except some petty towns of no import.
 The Dauphin *Charles* is crowned King in *Rhein*,
 The bastard *Orleans* with him is join'd:

Reignier Duke of *Anjou* doth take his part,
 The Duke of *Alanson* flies to his side.

[*Exit.*

Exe. The Dauphin crowned King? all fly to him?
 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glou. We will not fly but to our enemies throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. *Glo'ster*, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
 An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already *France* is over-run.

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your laments
 Wherewith you now bedew King *Henry's* hearse,
 I must inform you of a dismal sight
 Betwixt the stout lord *Talbot* and the *French*.

Win. What! wherein *Talbot* overcame? is't so?

3 *Mess.* O no; wherein lord *Talbot* was o'erthrown.

† *England's*.

The

King HENRY VI.

7

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 The tenth of *August* last, this dreadful lord
 Retiring from the siege of *Orleans*,
 Having scarce full six thousand in his troop,
 By three and twenty thousand of the *French*
 Was round encompassed and set upon.
 No leisure had he to enrank his men;
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
 Instead whereof sharp stakes pluckt out of hedges
 They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 More than three hours the fight continued;
 Where valiant *Talbot* above human thought
 Enacted Wonders with his sword and lance.
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him.
 Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he flew.
 The *French* exclaim'd, the devil was in arms,
 All the whole army stood amaz'd on him.
 His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit,
 A *Talbot! Talbot!* cried out amain,
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
 † If Sir *John Falstaff* had not play'd the coward,
 He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind
 With purpose to relieve and follow them)
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the gen'ral wreck and massacre;
 Enclosed were they with their enemies.
 A base *Walloon*, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust *Talbot* with a spear into the back,
 Whom all *France* with her chief assembled strength
 Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slain then? I will slay my self,
 For living idly here in pomp and ease;
 Whilst such a worthy leader wanting aid,
 Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives, but is took prisoner,
 And lord *Scales* with him, and lord *Hungerford*;
 Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay,

† See the note on the fifth Scene of *Act* 3.

A. 4.

III.

The First Part of

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewel my masters, to my task will I;
Bonfires in *France* forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. *George's* feast withal.
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all *Europe* quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need, for *Orleans* is besieg'd,
The *English* army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of *Salisbury* craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they so few watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember lords your oaths to *Henry* sworn:
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yolk.

Bed. I do remember it, and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit Bedford.]

Glou. I'll to the *Tower* with all the haste I can,
To view th' artillery and ammunition,
And then I will proclaim young *Henry* King.

[Ex. Gloucester.]

Exe. To *Eltam* will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his special governor,
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be thus out of office:
The King from *Eltam* I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of publick weal. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

FRANCE.

*Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier, marching with
a drum and Soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, ev'n as in the heav'ns
So in the earth to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the *English* side:
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have?

At

At pleasute here we lie near *Orleans* :

* Tho still the famish'd *English* like pale ghosts
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alan. They want their porridge, and their fat Bull-
beeves,

Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :

Remaineth none but mad-brain'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fsetting spend his gall,
Nor men nor mony hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum : we will rush on them :
Now for the honour of the forlorn *French* :

Him I forgive my death that killeth me ;

When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt*.

[*Here alarm, they are beaten back by the English,
with great loss.*

Enter Charles, Alanfon, and Reignier.

Char. Who ever saw the like ? what men have I ?
Dogs, cowards, dastards ! I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. *Salisbury* is a desp'rate homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life :
Two other lords, like Lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alan. *Froisard* a countryman of ours records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* bred,
During the time *Edward* the Third did reign :
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but *Sampsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish ; one to ten !
Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose,
They had such courage and audacity !

Char. Let's leave this town, for they are hair-brain'd
flaves,

And hunger will enforce them be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

A 5

Reig.

* *Otherwhiles*.

The First Part of

Reig. I think by some odd † gimmals or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on :
Else they could ne'er hold out so as they do :
By my consent we'll e'en let them alone.

Alan. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin ? I have news for him.

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ;
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand :
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heav'n
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the *English* forth the bounds of *France*.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old *Rome* :
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in ? believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go call her in ; but first to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dauphin in my place ;
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern :
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou will do these wond'rous
feats ?

Pucel. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?
Where is the Dauphin ? come, come from behind,
I know thee well, tho' never seen before.
Be not amaz'd ; there's nothing hid from me :
In private will I talk with thee apart :
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a while.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art :

† Gimmals, are rings of double rounds, from gemelli.
Wheels one within another.

Heav'n

Heav'n, and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity :
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success.
In compleat glory she reveal'd her self;
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
That beauty am I blest with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated.
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms :
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me ;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd ; here is my keen-edg'd sword,
Deck'd with fine Flow'r-de-luces on each side,
The which at *Tourain* in St. *Katharine's* church
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come a God's name, for I fear no wo-
man.

Pucel. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Here they fight, and Joan de Pucelle overcomes.

Dau. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an *Amazon*,
And fight est with the sword of *Debora*.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Dau. Who-e'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me ;
Impatiently I burn with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd ;
Excellent *Pucelle*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not Sovereign be,
'Tis the *French* Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above.
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord methinks is very long in talk.

Alan. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock,
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

Alan. He may mean more than we poor men do
know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give over *Orleans* or no?

Pucel. Why no, I say; distrustful recreants,
Fight till the last gasp; for I'll be your guard.

Dau. What she says I'll confirm; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the *English* scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect Saint *Martin's* summer, *Halcyon* days,
Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.

• Glory is like a circle in the water;
• Which never ceaseth to enlarge it self,
• Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With *Henry's* death the *English* circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bore at once.

Dau. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen the mother of great *Constantine*,
Nor yet St. *Philip's* daughters, were like thee.
Bright star of *Venus* fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee?

Alan. Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our ho-
nours;

Drive them from *Orleans*, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently try; come, let's away about it.

No prophet will I trust if she proves false. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

Changes to London.

Enter Gloucester, with his Serving-men.

Glou. I am this day come to survey the Tower;
Since Henry's death I fear there is conveyance:
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates. 'Tis Gloucester that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Man.* It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

2 *Ward.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but
mine?

There's none Protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghil grooms?

*Gloucester's men rush at the Tower-gates, and
Woodvile the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what Traitors have we
here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble Duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids;
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, the haughty prelate,
Whom Henry our late Sovereign ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the King:
Open the gate, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the gates there to the Lord Protector,
We'll burst them open if you come not quickly.

*Enter to the Protector at the Tower-gates, Winchester
and his men in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious umpire, what means this?
Glou.

Glou. † Peel'd Priest, dost thou command me be shut out ?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the King or realm.

Glou. Stand back thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'd'st to murder our dead lord,
Thou that giv'st || whores indulgencies to sin ;
I'll canvass thee in thy broad Cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot :
This be † *Damascus*, be thou cursed *Cain*,
To slay thy brother *Abel* if thou wilt. *

Here

† Peel'd, alluding to his shaven crown, a metaphor from a peel'd orange.

|| The publick stews were formerly under the district of the Bishop of Winchester.

† *Damascus*, N. B. About four miles from *Damascus* is a high hill, reported to be the same on which *Cain* slew his brother *Abel*. *Maundr. Trav.* p. 131.

* ——— if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back :
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy face.

Glou. What ? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face ?
Draw men for all this privileged place.
Blue coats to tawny. Priest, beware thy beard,
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I'll stamp thy Cardinal's hat :
In spite of Pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. *Glo'ster*, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.

Glou. *Winchester* Goose, I cry a rope, a rope.
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay ?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou Wolf in Sheep's array.
Out tawny coats, out scarlet hypocrite.

Here Gloucester's ———

Here

Here Gloucester's men beat out the Cardinal's; and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London, and his Officers.

Mayor. Fy, Lords, that you being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace.

Glou. Peace, Mayor, for thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's *Beauford* that regards not God nor King,
Hath here distrain'd the *Tower* to his use.

Win. Here's *Glo'ster* too, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'er-charging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is Protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the *Tower*,
To crown himself King, and suppress the Prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but blows:

[Here they skirmish again.]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation.

Come, officer, as loud as e'er thou canst.

*All manner of men assembled here in arms this day,
against God's peace and the King's, we charge and
command you in his Highness name, to repair to your
several dwelling places, and not to wear, handle, or
use any sword, weapon, or dagger henceforward, upon
pain of Death.*

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and tell our minds at large.

Win. *Glo'ster*, we'll meet to thy dear cost be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable *Glo'ster*, guard thy head,
For I intend to have it ere be long. *[Exeunt.]*

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I my self-sight not once in forty year. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

*Changes to Orleans, in France.**Enter the Master-gunner of Orleans, and his Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how *Orleans* is besieg'd,

And how the *English* have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know, and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me;
Chief Master-gunner am I of this town,
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The Prince's 'spials have informed me,
The *English* in the suburbs close intrench'd
Went thro' a secret grate of iron bars,
In yonder tow'r, to over-peer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us, with shot or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ord'nance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
And fully ev'n these three days have I watch'd
If I could see them. Now, Boy, do thou watch.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you take you no care,
I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the turrets, with others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I pr'ythee on this turret's top.

Tal. The Earl of *Bedford* had a prisoner,
Called the brave Lord *Ponton de Santraile*,
For him was I exchang'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdain'd scorn'd, and craved death,
Rather than I would be so * vilde esteem'd.

* *pid*.

In

In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the treach'rous *Falstaff* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my pow'r.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a publick spectacle to all.
Here, said they, is the terror of the *French*,
The Scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly,
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure :
So great a fear my name amongst them spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had ;
They walk'd about me ev'ry minute-while :
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.

Now it is supper-time in *Orleans* :

Here thro' this grate I can count every one,
And view the *Frenchmen* how they fortify :
Let us look in, the fight will much delight thee.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and *Sir William Glansdale*,

Let me have your exprefs opinions,

Where is best place to make our batt'ry next ?

Gar. I think at the north gate, for there stand lords.

Clan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For ought I see this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot, and Salisbury falls down.*]

Sal. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched finners.

Gar. O Lord have mercy on me, woful man.

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath crost us ?
Speak,

Speak, *Salisbury*; at least if thou canst speak;
 How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
 One of thy eyes and thy cheeks side struck off!
 Accursed tow'r, accursed fatal hand
 That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
 In thirteen battels *Salisbury* o'ercame:

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars.
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
 Yet liv'st thou, *Salisbury*? tho' thy speech doth fail,
 One eye thou hast to look to heav'n for grace.*
 Heav'n be thou gracious to none alive,
 If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands!
 Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto *Talbot*, nay look up to him.
 O *Salisbury*, cheer thy spirits with this comfort,
 Thou shalt not die, while——

——He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
 As who should say, *when I am dead and gone,*
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantagenet, I will; and *Nero-like*,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
 Wretched shall *France* be only in my name.

[*Here an alarm, and it thunders and lightens.*
 What stir is this? what tumult's in the heav'ns?
 Whence cometh this alarum and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the *French* have gather'd head.
 The *Dauphin* with one *Joan la Pucelle* join'd,
 A holy prophets new risen up,
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here Salisbury lifteth himself up and groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear how dying *Salisbury* doth groan,
 It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.

French-

*——to heav'n for grace.
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heav'n be thou, &c.

Frenchmen, I'll be a *Salisbury* to you. *
Convey brave *Salisbury* into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard *Frenchmen* dare.

[*Alarum.* [Exit.

SCENE X.

Here an alarum again; and Talbot pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter Joan la Pucelle, driving Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour and my force?
Our *English* troops retire, I cannot stay them:
A woman clad in armour chafeth them.

Enter Pucelle.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straitway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[*They fight.* †

Talbot farewell, thy hour is not yet come,
I must go victual *Orleans* forthwith.

A short alarum. Then enter the town with soldiers.

O'ertake me if thou canst, I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men,
Help *Salisbury* to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be. [*Exit Pucelle.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
I know not where I am, nor what I do:

A

* ——— a *Salisbury* to you.

Puzel or *Puffel*, *Dolphin* or *Dog-fish*,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my *Horses* heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
Convey brave, &c.

† ——— [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Pucel. *Talbot* farewell, &c.

The First Part of

A witch, by fear not force, like *Hannibal*
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
 So Bees with smoak, and Doves with noisom stench,
 Are from their hives and houses driv'n away.
 They call'd us for our fierceness *English* dogs,
 Now like their whelps we crying run away.

A short alarum.

Hark countrymen, either renew the fight,
 Or tear the Lions out of *England's* coat;
 Renounce your Soil, give Sheep in Lions stead:
 Sheep run not half so * tim'rous from the Wolf,
 Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued Slaves.

[*Alarum. Here another skirmish.*

It will not be; retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto *Salisbury's* death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.

Pucelle is enter'd into *Orleans*,
 In spight of us, or aught that we could do.
 O would I were to die with *Salisbury*!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit Talbot.*

[*Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.*

SCENE XI.

*Enter on the wall, Pucelle, Dauphin, Reignier, Alan-
 son, and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls,
 Rescu'd is *Orleans* from the *English* Wolves:
 Thus *Joan la Pucelle* hath perform'd her word.

Dau. Divinest creature, bright *Astrea's* daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success!
 Thy promises are like *Adonis's* garden,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophets;
 Recover'd is the town of *Orleans*;
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Raig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?
 Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 To celebrate the joy that God hath giv'n us.

* treacherous.

Alan.

Alan. All *France* will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau. 'Tis *Joan*, not we, by whom the day is won:
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friers in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope's* or *Memphis* ever was!
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more gracious
Than the rich jewel'd coffer of *Darius*,
Transported shall be at high festivals,
Before the Kings and Queens of *France*.
No longer on *St. Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joan la Pucelle* shall be *France's* Saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Continues in Orleans.

Enter a Serjeant of a Band, with two Centinels.

SERJEANT.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the wall, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling-ladders. Their Drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of *Artois*,
Walloon, and *Picardy* are friends to us:
This happy night the *Frenchmen* are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banquetted.
Embrace we then this opportunity,

As

As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of *France*, how much he wrongs his
fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.

But what's that *Pucelle* whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial?

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the *French*
She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well; let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our fortress, in whose conqu'ring name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave *Talbot*, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways:
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. I to this.

Tal. And here will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now *Salisbury*! for thee and for the right
Of *English Henry*, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

Cent. Arm, arm; the enemy doth make assault.

[*Cry, St. George! A Talbot!*]

SCENE II.

*The French leap o'er the walls in their shirts. Enter
several ways, Bastard, Alançon, Reignier, half ready
and half unready.*

Alan. How now, my lords? what all unready so?

Bast. Unready? I am glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our
beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alan.

Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this *Talbot* is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heav'ns sure favour him.

Alan. Here cometh *Charles*, I marvel how he sped.

Enter Charles and Joan.

Bast. Tut, holy *Joan* was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain;

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucel. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my pow'r alike?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail?

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improvident soldiers, had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have saln.

Char. Duke of *Alanson*, this was your default;

That being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alan. Had all our quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for my self, most part of all this night

Within her quarter and mine own precinct

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the centinels.

Then how or which way should they first break in?

Pucel. Question, my lord; no further of the case,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some part

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new platforms to endamage them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Alarum. Enter a Soldier crying, a *Talbot*! a *Talbot*!

they fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left:

The

The cry of *Talbot* serves me for a sword,
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

[Exit.]

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [Retreat.]

Tal. Bring forth the body of old *Salisbury*,
And here advance it in the market place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;
For ev'ry drop of blood was drawn from him,
There have at least five *Frenchmen* dy'd to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within the chieftest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corps shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of *Orleans*,
The treach'rous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to *France*.
But lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous *Joan of Arc*,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls, for refuge in the field.

Bur. My self, as far as I could well discern
For smoak and dusty vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving Turtle-Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the pow'r we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords; which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike *Talbot*, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of *France*?

Tal.

Tal. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of *Auvergne*,
With modesty, admiring thy renown,
By me intreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it ev'n so? nay, then I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comick sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You can't, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ru'd:
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain, you perceive my mind. [*Whispers.*

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

The Countess of Auvergne's Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you've done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As *Scythian Tomyris* by *Cyrus'* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful Knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

B

Enter

*The First Part of**Enter Messenger and Talbot.*

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship
By message crav'd, so is lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome; what! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of *France*?

Is this the *Talbot* so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should have seen some *Hercules*,
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:

It cannot be, this weak and writhled Shrimp
Should strike such terror in his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now? Go ask whither he
goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord *Talbot*, for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Pris'ner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord:

And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny these many years
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou wretch? thy mirth shall turn to
moan.

Tal.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have ought but *Talbot's* shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Tal. I am indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of my self:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, Madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce.
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently,

Winds his horn, drums strike up, a peal of Ordnance.

Enter Soldiers.

How say you, Madam? are you now persuaded
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady, nor misconstrue
The mind of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only with your patience that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have,
For soldiers stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to London, in the Temple garden.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Suffolk, and others.

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud,
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th' error?

Suf. Faith I have been a truant in the law,
I never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of *Warwick*, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any pur-blind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
In dumb significance proclaim your thoughts:
And him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, and no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,

Pluck

Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young *Somerfet*,
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master *Vernon*, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side. *

Som. Well, well, come on, who else?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you.

[To *Somerfet*.

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now *Somerfet*, where is your argument?

Som. Here is my Scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red. †

Plan. Now by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I

* — the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, &c.

† — a bloody red.

Plan. Mean time your cheeks do counterfeit our roses,
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, *Plantagenet*,
'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks

I scorn thee and thy * passion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, *Plantagenet*.

Plan. Proud *Pool*, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good *William de la Pool*;

We grace the Yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now by God's will thou wrong'st him, *Somerfet*.

His grandfather was *Lyonel Duke of Clarence*,

Third son to the third *Edward King of England*:

Spring crestless Yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not for his craven heart say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, *Richard Earl of Cambridge*,

For treason headed in our late King's days?

And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted and exempt from antient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood,

And till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than *Somerfet*,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker *Pool*, and you your self,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension;

Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd,

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;

* *fashion*.

Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our *Roses*,

And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy *Rose* a canker, *Somerfet*?

Som. Hath not thy *Rose* a thorn, *Plantagenet*?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falshood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding *Roses*,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seen.

Plan. Now by this maiden—

And

And know us by these colours for thy foes :
For these my friends in spight of thee shall wear.

Plan. And by my soul, this pale and angry rose
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition :
And so farewell until I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, *Pool* : farewell, ambitious
Richard. [Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it !

War. This blot that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester* :
And if thou be not then created *York*,
I will not live to be accounted *Warwick*.
Mean time in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud *Somerset* and *William Pool*,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesie ; this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night. *

*—death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master *Vernon* I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flow'r.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Lawyer. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle Sir.

Come, let us four to dinner ; I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

S C E N E—

S C E N E VI.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a chair, and jailors.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himself.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death;
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
These eyes like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak shoulders over-born with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet whose strengthless stay is numb,
(Unable to support this lump of clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

Keep. *Richard Plantagenet*, my lord, will come;
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul then shall be satisfy'd.
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)
This loathsom sequestration have I had;
And ev'n since then hath *Richard* been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?

Plan. I, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.

Mor.

Mor. Direct mine arms; I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latest gasp.
Oh tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?

Plan. First lean thine aged back against mine arm,
And in that ease I'll tell thee my displeasure.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Amongst which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause,
My father Earl of *Cambridge* lost his head.

Mor. This cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon there to pine,
Was curſed instrument of his decease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his cousin *Richard*, *Edward's* son,
The first begotten, and the lawful heir
Of *Edward* King, the third of that descent.
During whose reign the *Piercies* of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was, for that young King *Richard* thus remov'd
Leaving no heir begotten of his body.
I was the next by birth and parentage:
For by my mother I derived am
From *Lyonel* Duke of *Clarence*, the third son
To the Third *Edward*; whereas *Bolingbroke*
From *John* of *Gaunt* doth bring his pedigree,

Being but the fourth of that heroick line.
 But mark; as in this haughty great attempt
 They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
 I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
 Long after this, when *Henry* the Fifth
 After his father *Bolingbroke* did reign,
 Thy father, Earl of *Cambridge*, (then deriv'd
 From famous *Edmund Langley* Duke of *York*
 Marrying my sister that thy mother was;)
 Again in pity of my hard distress
 Levied an army, weening to redeem
 And re-instal me in the diadem;
 But as the rest, so fell that noble Earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest that I no issue have,
 And that my fainting words do warrant death:
 Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
 But yet methinks my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politick:
 Strong fixed is the house of *Lancaster*,
 And like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence,
 As Princes do their courts when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle, would some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughter doth
 Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
 Only give order for my funeral.
 And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
 And prosp'rous be thy life, in peace and war. [Dies.

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 And like a hermit over-past thy days.
 Well, I will lock his council in my breast,

And

And what I do imagine let that rest.
 Keepers convey him hence, and I my self
 Will see his burial better than his life.
 Here dies the dusky torch of *Mortimer*,
 Choak'd with ambition of the meaner sort,
 And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries
 Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my houſe,
 I doubt not but with honour to redreſs.
 And therefore haſte I to the Parliament;
 Either to be reſtored to my blood,
 Or make my will th' advantage of my good. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Parliament.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, and Richard Plantagenet. Glouceſter offers to put up a bill: Wincheſter ſnatches it, and tears it.

WINCHESTER.

COM'ſt thou with deep premeditated lines,
 With written pamphlet ſtudiouſly devis'd?
Humphry of Gloſter, if thou can'ſt accuſe
 Or ought intend'ſt to lay unto my charge,
 Do it without invention ſuddenly:
 As I with ſudden and extemporal ſpeech
 Purpoſe to answer what thou can'ſt object.

Glou. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place commands my
 patience,

Or thou ſhould'ſt find thou haſt diſhonour'd me.
 Think not, altho in writing I prefer'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the method of my pen.
 No, Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſs,
 Thy leud, peſtif'rous, and diſſentious pranks,
 The very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a moſt pernicious uſurer,
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace,

Lascivious,

Lascivious, wanton, more than well be seems
 A man of thy profession and degree.
 And for thy treach'ry what's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at *London-Bridge*, as at the *Tower*.
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The King thy Sovereign is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Glo'ster I do desire thee. Lords, vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
 As he would have me; how am I so poor?
 How haps it then I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself? but keep my wonted calling.
 And for dissention, who preferreth peace
 More than I do? except I be provok'd.
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends,
 It is not that which hath incens'd the Duke;
 It is because no one should sway but he;
 No one but he should be about the King;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.
 But he shall know I am as good——

Glow. As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather.

Win. Ay, lordly Sir; for what are you, I pray,
 But one impetuous in another's throne?

Glow. Am not I then protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glow. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
 And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unrev'rend *Glo'ster*.

Glow. Thou art reverend

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This *Rome* shall remedy.

War. Go thither then.

My lord it were your duty to forbear.

Som. Ay, see the bishop be not over-born:
 Methinks my lord should be religious,
 And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler than

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace Protector to the King?

Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said, ' Speak sirrah when you should,
' Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester*.

K. Henry. Uncles of *Glo'ster* and of *Winchester*;
The special watchmen of our *English* weal;
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
Oh what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar?
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a vip'rous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.

[*A noise within*; Down with the tawny coats.

K. Henry. What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun thro' malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again*, Stones, Stones.

SCENE II.

Enter Mayor.

Mayor. Oh my good lords, and virtuous *Henry*,
Pity the city *London*, pity us,
The Bishop and the Duke of *Glo'ster*'s men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in ev'ry street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody pates.

K. Henry. We charge you on allegiance to our selves,
To hold your slaughter'ring hands and keep the peace:
Pray uncle *Glo'ster* mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it
with our teeth.

2 Serv.

2 *Serve*. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*]

Glou. You of my household leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3 *Serv*. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and for your royal birth
Inferior to none but to his Majesty:

And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be disgraced by an Inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

1 *Serv*. Ay and the very parings of our nails,
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [Begin again.]

Glou. Stay, stay I say,
And if you love me as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. *Henry*. O how this discord doth afflict my soul?
Can you, my lord of *Winchester*, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord Protector yield: yield *Winchester*;
Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your Sovereign and destroy the realm,
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted thro' your enmity:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the King commands me stoop,
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of *Winchester*, the Duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury.
And by his smother'd brows it doth appear.
Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glou. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my hand.

K. *Henry*. Fie, uncle *Beauford*: I have heard you
preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:

And

And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet King! the bishop hath a kindly gird:
For shame my lord of *Winchester* relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well Duke of *Gloster* I will yield to thee,
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glou. Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.
See here my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce
Betwixt our selves and all our followers:
So help me God as I dissemble not.

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God as I intend it not.

K. Henry. O loving uncle, gentle Duke of *Gloster*,
How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away my masters, trouble us no more,
But join in friendship as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I'll see what physick the tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

War. Accept this scrowl, most gracious Sovereign,
Which in the right of *Richard Plantagenet*
We do exhibit to your Majesty.

Glou. Well urg'd, my lord of *Warwick*: For, sweet
Prince,

And if your Grace mark ev'ry circumstance,
You have great reason to do *Richard* right;
Especially for those occasions

At *Eltham* place I told your Majesty.

K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of
force:

Therefore my loving lords our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his blood.

War. Let *Richard* be restored to his blood,
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.

K. Henry. If *Richard* will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of *York*,

From

The first Part of

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Rich. Thy humble Servant vows obedience
And faithful service till the point of death.

K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your knee against my
foot.

And in requerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York.

Rise, *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And rise created Princely Duke of York.

Rich. And so thrive, *Richard*, as thy Foes may fall.
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your Majesty.

All. Welcome, high Prince, the mighty Duke of
York.

Som. Perish, base Prince, ignoble Duke of York.

[*Aside.*

Glou. Now will it best avail your Majesty
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in *France* :
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Henry. When *Glo'ster* says the word, King Henry
goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in *England* or in *France*,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue ;
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame.
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
'Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away ;
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which in the time of *Henry* nam'd the Fifth
Was in the mouth of ev'ry sueking babe ;
That *Henry* born at *Monmouth* should win all,
And *Henry* born at *Windsor* should lose all :

Which

King HENRY VI.

41

Which is so plain, that *Exeter* doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Roan in France.

*Enter Joan la Pucelle disguis'd, and four Soldiers with
sacks upon their backs.*

Pucel. These are the city gates, the gates of *Roan*,
Thro' which our policy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over *Roan*,
Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*

Watch. *Qui va la ?*

Pucel. *Paisans pauvres gens de France.*

Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in, the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now *Roan* I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, and Alançon.

Dau. St. Dennis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in *Roan*.

Bast. Here enter'd *Pucelle* and her practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tow'r,
Which once discern'd, shews that her meaning is
No way to that (for weakness) which she enter'd.

*Enter Joan la Pucelle on the top, thrusting out a torch
burning.*

Pucel. Behold this is the happy wedding-torch,
That

That joineth *Roan* unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the *Talbonites*.

Bast. See noble *Charles* the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Dau. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes.

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, *The Dauphin*, presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*An alarm, Talbot in an excursion.*]

Tal. *France*, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears.
If *Talbot* but survive thy treachery
Pucelle, that witch, that damned forcerefs,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of *France*. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

An alarm: Excursions. Bedford brought in sick in a chair. Enter Talbot and Burgundy without; within Joan la Pucelle, Dauphin, Bastard, and Reignier on the walls.

Pucel. Good-morrow gallants, want ye corn for bread?

I think the Duke of *Burgundy* will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste;

Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless curtizan:
I trust ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Dau. Your grace must starve perhaps before that time.

Bed. Oh let not words but deeds revenge this treason.

Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of *France* and hag of all despight,
Incompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiaut age,
And twit with cowardise a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,

Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot? yet *Pucelle* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* do but thunder, rain will follow.

[*They whisper together in counsel.*]

God speed the parliament; who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Pucel. Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing *Hecate*,
But unto thee, *Alanfon*, and the rest.

Will ye like foldiers come and fight it out?

Alan. Seignior no.

Tal. Seignior hang: base muleteers of *France*,
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains away, let's get us from the walls,
For *Talbot* means no goodness by his looks.

God be wi'you, my lord: we came, Sir, but to tell you
That we are here.

[*Exeunt from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbot's* greatest fame.

Vow *Burgundy*, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by publick wrongs sustain'd in *France*,
Either to get the town again or die.

And I as sure as *English Henry* lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late betrayed town
Great *Cœurdalion's* heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of *Bedford*: come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord *Talbot* do not so dishonour me:
Here I will sit before the walls of *Roan*,
And will be partner of your weal and woe.

Burg. Courageous *Bedford*, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon* in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes.

Methink's

Methinks I should revive the soldiers hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heav'n's keep old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more ado, brave *Burgundy*,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy. [Exit.]

*An alarm: excursions: * Enter Sir John Falstaff, and a captain.*

Cap. Whither away, Sir *John Falstaff*, in such haste?

Fal. Whither away? to save myself by flight.

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly and leave lord *Talbot*?

Fal. Ay, all the *Talbots* in the world to save my life. [Exit.]

Cap. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. [Exit.]

Retreat: excursions. Pucelle, Alançon, and Dauphin fly.

Bed. Now quiet soul depart when heav'n shall please
For I have seen our enemies overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They that of late were daring with their scoffs,

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies and is carried off in his chair.]

S C E N E VI.

An alarm: Enter Talbot, Burgundy, and the rest.

Tal. Lost and recover'd in a day again,
This is a double honour, *Burgundy*;
Yet heav'n's have glory for this victory.

Burg. Warlike and martial *Talbot*, *Burgundy*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

Tal.

* *Falstaff is here introduced again, who was dead in Henry the Fifth, Act 2. Scene 3; the occasion whereof is, that this Play was written by Shakespear before Hen. 4. or Hen. 5. See the last lines of Hen. 5.*

Tal. Thanks, gentle Duke; but where is *Pucelle* now?

I think her old familiar is asleep.

Now where's the bastard's braves, and *Charles* his
* glikes?

What, all a-mort? *Roan* hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now we will take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to *Paris* to the King,

For there young *Henry* with his nobles lies.

Burg. What wills lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgundy*.

Tal. But yet before we go let's not forget

The noble Duke of *Bedford*, late deceas'd,

But see his exequies fulfill'd in *Roan*.

A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court.

But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,

For that's the end of human misery.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Dauphin, Bastard, Alançon, and Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. Dismay not, Princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that *Roan* is so recovered.

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedy'd.

Let frantiok *Talbot* triumph for a while,

And like a Peacock sweep along his tail,

We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,

If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence.

One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alan. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed Saint.

Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joan* devise:
By fair persuasions mixt with sugar'd words,

We

* glikes or scoffs.

We will entice the Duke of *Burgundy*
To leave the *Talbot*, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay marry sweeting if we could do that,
France were no place for *Henry's* warriors;
Nor shall that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alan. For ever should they be expuls'd from *France*,
And not have title of an Earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum beats afar off.*

Hark, by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto *Paris* ward;

[*Here beat an English march.*

There goes the *Talbot* with his colours spread,
And all the troops of *English* after him. [*French march.*
Now in the rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a parley.*

S C E N E VIII.

Enter the Duke of Burgundy marching.

Dau. A parley with the Duke of *Burgundy*.

Burg. Who craves a parley with the *Burgundy*?

Pucel. The Princely *Charles* of *France*, thy country-
man.

Burg. What say'st thou, *Charles*? for I am march-
ing hence.

Dau. Speak *Pucelle*, and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave *Burgundy*, undoubted hope of *France*,
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile *France*,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes;
See, see the pining malady of *France*,
Behold the wounds, the most unnat'ral wounds,
Which thou thy self hast giv'n her woful breast.

Oh

Oh turn thy edged sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help:
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of common gore;
Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all *French* and *France* exclaim on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in *France*,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill;
Who then but *English Henry* will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind and mark but this for proof;
Was not the Duke of *Orleans* thy foe?
And was not he in *England* prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,
In spite of *Burgundy* and all his friends.
See then thou fight'st against thy country-men,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come come, return, return, thou wand'ring lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Burg. I'm vanquished. These haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
Forgive me, country and sweet country-men;
And lords accept this hearty kind embrace,
My forces and my pow'r of men are yours.
So farewell *Talbot*, I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done like a *Frenchman*: turn, and turn again.

Dau. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes
us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alan. *Pucelle* hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

The First Part of

S C E N E IX.

P A R I S.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Exeter: To them Talbot with his Soldiers.

Tal. My gracious Prince and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my Sovereign,
In sign whereof, this arm that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and sev'n walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem;
Lets fall the sword before your highness' feet;
And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Henry. Is this the fam'd lord *Talbot*, uncle *Gloster*,
That hath so long been resident in *France*?

Glou. Yes, if it please your Majesty, my Liege.

K. Henry. Welcome brave captain and victorious lord:
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war,
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face:
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of *Shrewsbury*,
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Vernon and Baslet.

Ver. Now, Sir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of *York*;
Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Baf. Yes, Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcy tongue
Against the Duke of *Somerset*.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Baf. Why what is he? as good a man as *York*.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take you that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Baf. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such,
That whoso draws a sword 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his Majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong,
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you,
And after meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PARIS.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Winchester, York, Suffolk, Somerset, Warwick, Talbot, Exeter, and Governor of Paris.

GLOUCESTER.

Lord Bishop, set the crown upon his head.
Win. God save King *Henry*, of that name the Sixth.

Glou. Now governor of *Paris* take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends,
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state,
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God.

† *Enter Falstaff.*

Fal. My gracious Sovereign, as I rode from *Calais*,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of *Burgundy*.

† See the note on the fifth Scene of Act 3.

C

Tal.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of *Burgundy* and thee:
 I vow'd, base Knight, when I did meet thee next,
 To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
 Which I have done; because unworthily
 Thou wast installed in that high degree.
 Pardon, my Princely *Henry*, and the rest:
 This dastard, at the battle of *Poitiers*,
 When but in all I was six thousand strong,
 And that the *French* were almost ten to one;
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty 'squire did run away.
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men,
 My self and divers gentlemen beside
 Were there surpriz'd and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea or no?

Glon. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 And ill beseeeming any common man;
 Much more a Knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extreams.
 He then that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of Knight,
 Prophaning this most honourable order;
 And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy
 doom,
 Be packing therefore thou that was't a Knight;
 Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[Exit Falstaff.

And now, my lord Protector, view the letter
 Sent from our uncle Duke of *Burgundy*.

Glon.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his
style?

No more but plain and blunty, *To the King.* [*Reading.*

Hath he forgot he is his Sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Portend some alteration in good will?

What's here? *I have upon especial cause,* [*Reads.*

Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,

Forsoaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charles the rightful King of France.

O monstrous treachery! can this be so?

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become our foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Henry. Why then lord *Talbot* there shall talk with
him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

My lord, how say you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? yes: but that I'm pre-
vented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto
him strait:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord, in heart desiring still

You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit. Talbot.*

SCENE II.

Enter Vernon and Bassett.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious Sovereign.

Bas. And me my lord, grant me the combat too.

York. This is my servant, hear him noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine, sweet *Henry* favour him.

K. Henry. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to
speak,

Say gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord, for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is the wrong whereon you both
complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from *England* into *France*,
This fellow here with sharp and carping tongue
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks;
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of *York* and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms,
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord;
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flow'r
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, *Somerſet*, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of *York*, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Henry. Good lord! what madness rules in brain-
sick men!

When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!

Good cousins both of *York* and *Somerſet*,
Quiet your selves and be again at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be try'd by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge, accept it *Somerſet*.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first,

Bas.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so? confounded be your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate;
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the King and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections:
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

K. Henry. Come hither you that would be combatants:

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause;
And you, my lords, remember where we are,
In *France*, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within our selves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign Princes shall be certify'd,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henry's* peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of *France*?
O think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle, which was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife:
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more encline to *Somerfet* than *York*:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crowns,
Because, forsooth, the King of *Scots* is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach;
And therefore as we hither came in peace.

So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our Regent in these parts of *France* :
 And good my lord of *Somerset*, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
 And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go chearfully together, and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Our self, my lord Protector, and the rest,
 After some respite will return to *Calais*;
 From thence to *England*, where I hope ere long,
 To be presented by your victories,
 With *Charles*, *Alençon*, and that trait'rous rout.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent York, Warwick, Exeter, and Vernon.

War. My lord of York, I promise you the King
 Most prettily methought did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of *Somerset*.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
 I dare presume, sweet Prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wis he did——But let it rest,
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Flourish. *Manet* Exeter.

Exe. Well didst thou, *Richard*, to suppress thy voice;
 For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen decypher'd there
 More ranc'rous spight, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This should'ring of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites;
 But that he doth presage some ill event.
 'Tis much, when scepters are in childrens hands;
 But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
 Then comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

BOURDEAUX.

Enter Talbot with trumpets, and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of *Bordeaux*; trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall. [Sounds]

Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to *Harry King of England*;
And thus he would: open your city gates,
Be humbled to us, call my Sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody pow'r.
But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving tow'rs,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terrour, and their bloody scourge:
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortify'd,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the shares of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand *French* have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no christian soul but *English Talbot*.
Lo there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible, unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withal;

For ere the glass that now begins to run
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

[*Drum afar off.*

Hark, kark, the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy musick to thy tim'rous soul;
 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. [*Exit.*

Tal. He fables not. I hear the enemy:
 Out some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
 A little herd of *England's* tim'rous Deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of *French* curs.
 If we be *English* Deer, be then in blood;
 Not rascal-like to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody, mad, and desperate Stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay. *
 God and St. *George*, *Talbot*, and *England's* right,
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter a Messenger that meets York. Enter York with trumpet and many soldiers.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
 That he is march'd to *Bourdeaux* with his pow'r,
 To fight with *Talbot*; as he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered
 Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,

Which

* ———aloof at bay.

Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear Deer of us, my friends.
 God and St. *George*, &c.

Which join'd with him, and made their march for
Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain *Somerſet*;
That thus delays my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen that were levied for this ſiege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier :
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewel wars in *France*.

Enter a ſecond Meſſenger.

2 Meſſ. Thou princely leader of our *Engliſh* ſtrength,
Never ſo needful on the earth of *France*,
Spur to the reſcue of the noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſt of iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction :
To *Bourdeaux*, warlike Duke, to *Bourdeaux*, *York* !
Elſe farewel *Talbot*, *France*, and *England's* honour.

York. O God ! that *Somerſet*, who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my cornets, were in *Talbot's* place :
So ſhould we ſave a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward :
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiſſe traitors ſleep.

Meſſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſſ'd lord.

York. He dies, we loſe ; I break my warlike word :
We mourn, *France* ſmiles ; we loſe, they daily get :
All long of this vile traitor *Somerſet*.

Meſſ. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbot's* ſoul,
And on his ſon young *John*, who two hours ſince
I met in travel towards his warlike father ;
This ſev'n years did not *Talbot* ſee his ſon,
And now they meet, where both their lives are done.

York. Alas ! what joy ſhall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his young ſon welcome to his grave !
Away, vexation almoſt ſtops my breath,
That ſundred friends greet in the hour of death :
Lucy farewel, no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe, I cannot aid the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poitiers*, and *Tours* are won away,

Long all of *Somerſet*, and his delay.

[*Exit*]

Meſſ. Thus while the vulture of ſedition,
Feeds in the boſom of ſuch great commanders,
Sleeping neglectiſon doth betray to loſs
The conqueſts of our ſcarce cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth. While they each other croſs,
Lives, honours, land, and all, hurry to loſs.

[*Exit*]

SCENE V.

Enter Somerſet with his army.

Som. It is too late; I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *York* and *Talbot*
Too raſhly plotted. All our gen'ral force
Might with a fall of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſs of former honour,
By this unheedful, deſperate, wild adventure:
York ſet him on to fight, and die in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *York* might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir *William Lucy*, who with me
Set from our o'er-march'd forces forth for aid.

Som. How now, Sir *William*, whither were you ſent?

Lucy. † Hither, my lord; from bought and ſold
lord *Talbot*,

Who ring'd about with bold adverſity,
Cries out for noble *York* and *Somerſet*,
To beat affailing death from his weak legions.
And while the honourable captain there
Drops bloody ſweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And in advantage ling'ring looks for reſcue;
You, his falſe hopes, the truſt of *England's* honour,
Keep off aloof with worthleſs emulation.
Let not your private diſcord keep away
The levied ſuccours that ſhall lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the *Baſſard*, *Charles*, and *Burgundy*,
Alanſon, *Reignier*, compaſs him about,

And

† *Whiſher*, my Lord.

And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.

Som. *York* let him on, *York* should have sent him aid.

Lucy. And *York* as fast upon your grace exclaims,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. *York* lyes: he might have sent, and had the
horse:

I owe him little duty and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of *England*, not the force of *France*,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded *Talbot*:
Never to *England* shall he bear his life,
But dies betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the horsemen strait;
Within six hours they will beat his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue now: he's taken or
slain,
For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Near BOURDEAUX.

Enter Talbot and his son

Tal. O young *John Talbot*, I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That *Talbot's* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boarding stars!
Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoyded danger.
Therefore, dear boy, mount on thy swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight. Come dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me.

The

The world will say he is not *Talbot's* blood,
That basely fled when noble *Talbot* stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay, and father do you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;

My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.

Upon my death the *French* can little boast;

In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,

But mine it will, that no exploit have done.

You fled for vantage, ev'ry one will swear:

But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay,

If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here on my knee I beg mortality,

Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never had'st renown, and canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from the stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,

Than can your self, your self in twain divide:

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not; if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon:

Come, side by side together live and die,

And soul with soul from *France* to heav'n shall fly.

[*Exeunt.*
Alarms.

Alarm: Excursions, wherein Talbot's son is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Tal. St. George, and victory! fight soldiers, fight;
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of *France's* sword.

Where is *John Talbot*? pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice my father, twice am I thy son;
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new dare.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck
fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then, leaden age
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down *Alançon*, *Orleans*, *Burgundy*,
And from the pride of *Gallia* rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard *Orleans* that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered;
And interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; then in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine;
Which thou dost force from *Talbot*, my brave boy——
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art not thou weary, *John*? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly?
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boar.
If I to-day die not with *Frenchmen's* rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age.
By me they nothing gain; and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my life one day.

In thee thy mother dies, our household's name;
My dearth's revenge, thy youth, and *England's* fame:
All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of *Orleans* hath not made me
smart,

These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.
On that advantage bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* fly,
The coward horse that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of *France*,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance.
Surely by all the glory you have won,
And if I fly, I am not *Talbot's* son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot,
If son to *Talbot* die at *Talbot's* foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Sire of *Crete*,
Thou *Icarus*, thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Alarum. *Excursions,* Enter old *Talbot* led.

Tal. Where is my other life? mine own is gone.
O! where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *John*?
Triumphant death smear'd with captivity!
Young *Talbot's* valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry Lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battel of the *French*:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
My *Icarus*, my blossom, in his pride!

Enter

Enter John Talbot, borne.

Serv. O my dear lord ! lo where your son is borne.

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,

Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,

Two *Talbots* winged through the † lither sky,

In thy despight shall scape mortality.

O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath. *

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms,

My spirit can no longer bear these harms.

Soldiers adieu : I have what I would have,

Now my old arms are young *John Talbot's* grave. [*Dies.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Continues near Bourdeaux.

Enter Charles, Alanfon, Burgundy, Bastard, and Pucelle.

CHARLES.

HA D *York* and *Somerfet* brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of *Talbot's* raging brood

Did flesh his puny sword in *Frenchmen's* blood !

Pucel. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said :

Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid.

* ————yield thy breath.

Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no :

Imagine him a *Frenchman*, and thy foe.

Poor boy, he smiles, methinks, as who should say,

Had death been *French*, then death had died to-day.

Come, come, &c.

† *lither*, smooth, gentle,

But

But with a proud, majestic, high scorn
 He answer'd thus: Young *Talbot* was not born
 To be the pillage of a * giglot wench.
 So left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble Knight:
 See where he lies inhered in the arms
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
 Whose life was *England's* glory, *Gallia's* wonder.

Char. Oh no; forbear: for that which we have fled
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter *Lucy*.

Lucy. Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent, to know
 Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a meer *French* word:
 We *English* warriors wot not what it means.
 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Lucy. Where is the great *Alcides* of the field,
 Valiant lord *Talbot*, earl of *Shrewsbury*?
 Created for his rare success in arms,
 Great earl of *Washford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
 Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfield*;
 Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
 Lord *Cromwel* of *Wingfield*, lord *Furnival* of *Sheffield*,
 The thrice victorious lord of *Falconbridge*,
 Knight of the noble order of *St. George*,
 Worthy *St. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
 Great Marshal to our King *Henry* the Sixth
 Of all his wars within the realm of *France*.

Pucel. Here is a silly, stately stile indeed:
 The *Turk* that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
 Writes not so tedious a stile as this.
 Him that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
 Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy.

* giglot, a Drab, Strumpet.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slain, the *Frenchmen's* only scourge;
Your kingdom's terror and black *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces,
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the realm of *France*;
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial, as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think this upstart is old *Talbot's* ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit:
For God's sake let him have him; to keep him here,
They would but stink and putrifie the air.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence;
But from their ashes, Dauphin, shall be rear'd
A Phoenix that shall make all *France* afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt:
And now to *Paris* in his conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* slain, [Exeunt]

SCENE II.

Changes to England.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the letters from the
Pope,
The Emperor, and Earl of *Armagnac*?

Glow. I have, my lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of *England* and of *France*.

K. Henry. How doth your grace affect this motion?

Glow. Well, my good lord, and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on ev'ry side.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Ay marry, uncle, for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should remain among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of *Armagnac*, near kin to *Charles*,
A man of great authority in *France*,
Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage, alas! my years are yet too young;
And fitter is my study and my books,
Then wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call th'Ambassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their answers ev'ry one.
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exe. What is my lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinal's degree?
Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesie;
If once he come to be a Cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.

K. Henry. My lords ambassadors, your sev'ral suits
Have been consider'd and debated on:
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my lord of *Winchester* we mean
Shall be transported presently to *France*.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be *England's* Queen.

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.

And

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And so, my Lord Protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. [Exeunt.]

Win. Stay, my lord *Legate*, you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his Holiness,
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now *Winchester* will not submit I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Glo'ster, thou shalt well perceive,
That nor in birth, or for authority,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

FRANCE.

*Enter Dauphin, Burgundy, Alançon, Bastard, Reignier,
and Joan la Pucelle.*

Dau. This news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits:

'Tis said the stout *Parisians* do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike *French*.

Alan. Then march to *Paris*, royal *Charles* of *France*,
And keep not back your Power in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us,
Else Ruin combat with their palaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices.

Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee speak

Scouts. The *English* army that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Dau.

Dan. Somewhat too sudden, Sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Burg. I trust the ghost of *Talbot* is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions fear is most accurst.
Command the conquest, *Charles*, it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Dan. Then on, my lords, and *France* be fortunate,
[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm: Excursions. Enter Joan la Pucelle.

Pucel. The Regent conquers, and the *Frenchmen* fly.
Now help ye charming spells and *periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents: [Thunder,
You speedy helpers that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the North,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustomed diligence to me.
Now ye familiar spirits that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that *France* may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*]

Oh hold me not with silence overlong:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit:
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*]
No hope to have redress? my body shall
Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*]
* *Charms sew'd up, from weeding to sew.* *Ezek.*
xiii. 18. Woe to them that sew pillows to all armholes,
to hunt souls.

Cannot

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Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Intreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul; my body, soul and all,
Before that *England* give the *French* the foil. [*They depart.*
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That *France* must vail her lofty plumed crest;
And let her head fall into *England's* lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now *France* thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

*Excursions. Pucelle and York fight hand to hand.
Pucelle is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast,
Unchain your spirits now with-spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with *Circe*, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. Oh, *Charles* the Dauphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on *Charles* and thee;
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

York. Fell banning hag, inchantress hold thy tongue.

Pucel. I pr'ythee give me leave to curse a-while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Alarm. Enter Suffolk with Margaret in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[Gazes on her.]

Oh fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands:
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And

And lay them gently on thy tender side,
Who art thou? say; that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An Earl I am, and *Suffolk* am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cignets save,
Keeping them pris'ners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as *Suffolk's* friend. [*She is going.*
Oh stay! I have no pow'r to let her pass,
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes,
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, *De la Pole*, disable not thy self:
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy pris'ner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Oh, beauty's princely majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of *Suffolk*, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a tryal of her love. [*Aside.*

Mar. Why speak'st thou not what ransom must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?

Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy paramour? [*Aside.*

Mar. 'Twere best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf.

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Suf. I'll win this lady *Margaret*, For whom?
Why, for my King: *

Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
And peace established between these realms.

But there remains a scruple in that too:

For though her father be the King of *Naples*,

Duke of *Anjou* and *Main*, yet he is poor,

And our nobility will scorn the match. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hear ye me, captain? are ye not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.

Madam, I have a secret to reveal?

Mar. What tho' I be inthrall'd, he seems a Knight;
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the *French*,
And then I need not crave his courtesie.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now. †

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy to be made a Queen?

Mar. To be a Queen in bondage, is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy *England's* Royal King be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee *Henry's* Queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,

If

* Why, for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy, &c.

—captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry your mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, &c.

If thou wilt condescend to be my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henry's* wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam, I unworthy am

To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,

And have no portion in the choice my self.

How say you, madam, are you so content?

Mar. And if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth.

And, madam, at your father's castle walls,

We'll crave a parley to confer with him.

SCENE V.

Sound. Enter *Reignier* on the walls.

Suf. See, *Reignier*, see thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. *Suffolk*, what remedy?

I am a soldier and unapt to weep,

Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:

Consent, and for thy honour give consent,

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks *Suffolk* as he thinks?

Suf. Fair *Margaret* knows,

That *Suffolk* doth not flatter, face or fain.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant I descend;

To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome, brave Earl, into our territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, *Reignier*, happy in so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion of a King:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord:
Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the country *Maine* and *Anjou*,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be *Henry's*, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again in *Henry's* royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. *Reignier* of *France*, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffick of a King.

And yet methinks I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.

[*Aside.*]

I'll over then to *England* with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henry*, were he here.

Mar. Farewel, my Lord: good wishes, praise, and
pray'rs

Shall *Suffolk* ever have of *Margaret*. [She is going.]

Suf. Farewel, sweet madam; hark you, *Margaret*,
No princely commendations to my King?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

D

Mar.

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love I send the King.

Suf. And this withal.

[*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens of a King.

Suf. O wert thou for myself—but *Suffolk* stay,
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth,
There minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.

Sollicit *Henry* with her wond'rous praise,
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Her nat'ral graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That when thou com'st to kneel at *Henry's* feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter York, Warwick, a Shepherd, and Pucelle.

York. Bring forth that forceress condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah *Joan*! this kills thy father's heart outright.
Have I sought ev'ry country far and near,
And now it is my chance to find thee out.
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death!

Ah! *Joan*, sweet daughter, I will die with thee!

Pucel. Decrepid miser, base ignoble wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.

Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out—my lords, an please you, 'tis
not so,

I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother living yet, can testify

She was the first-fruit of my batch'lorship.

War. Graceless, wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, *Joan*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,

And

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle *Joan*.

Pucel. Peasant, avauant. You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? now curst be the time
Of thy nativity; I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some rav'nous wolf had eaten thee.
Dost thou deny thy father, curst drab?
O burn her, burn her, hanging is too good. [Exit.

York. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vitious qualities.

Pucel. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd,

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of Kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits,
But you that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived *Joan* of *Arc* hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden-blood thus rig'rously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of Heav'n.

York. Ay, ay; away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, Sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:

Place pitchy barrels on the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then *Joan* discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heav'n forefend! the holy maid with-child!

War. The greatest miracle that ere you wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling sure,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well go to, we will have no bastards live,
Especially since *Charles* must father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd, my child is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that enjoy'd my love.

York. * It dies, and if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why here's a girl; I think she knows not well
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she had been liberal and free.

York. And yet forsooth she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no intreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my
curse.

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves. [*Exit.*]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell.

SCENE

* *York.* *Alanson*! that notorious *Machiavel*!
It dies —

SCENE VII.

Enter Cardinal of Winchester.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the King.

For know, my lords, the States of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a gen'ral peace

Betwixt our nation and th' aspiring *French*:

And see at hand the Dauphin and his train

Approaching, to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,

That in this quarrel have been overthrown,

And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

By treason, falshood, and by treachery,

Our great progenitors had conquered?

Oh *Warwick, Warwick*, I foresee, with grief,

The utter loss of all the realm of *France*.

War. Be patient, *York*; if we conclude a peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,

As little shall the *Frenchmen* gain thereby.

Enter Charles, Alançon, Bastard, and Reignier.

Char. Since, lords of *England*, it is thus agreed,

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in *France*,

We come to be informed by yourselves,

What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, *Winchester*; for boiling choler chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,

By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. *Charles*, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,

Of meer compassion, and of lenity,

To ease your country of distressful war,
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace;
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
 And *Charles*, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
 Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alan. Must he be then a shadow of himself?
 Adorn his temples with a coronet,
 And yet in substance and authority
 Retain but privilege of a private man?
 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess
 Of more than half the *Gallian* territories,
 And therein rev'renc'd for their lawful King.
 Shall I for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
 Detract so much for that prerogative,
 As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
 No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
 That which I have, than coveting for more
 Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret means
 Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
 And now the matter grows to compromise,
 Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
 Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
 Of benefit proceeding from our King,
 And not of any challenge of desert,
 Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
 To cavil in the course of this contract:
 If once it be neglected, ten to one
 We shall not find like opportunity.

Alan. To say the truth, it is your policy
 To save your subjects from such massacre,
 And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen,
 By our proceeding in hostility.
 And therefore take this compact of a truce,
 Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to the Dauphin.*
War.

War. How say'st thou, *Charles*? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of *England*:
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of *England*:
So now dismiss your army when you please:
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace: [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to England.

Enter Suffolk in conference with King Henry, Gloucester, and Exeter.

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare description, noble Earl,

Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driv'n by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface to her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so divine,
So full repleat with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;

Com-

Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour *Henry* as her lord.

K. Henry. And otherwise will *Henry* ne'er presume :
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That *Marg'ret* may be *England's* Royal Queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem.

How shall we then dispense with the contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths,
Or one that at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists,
By reason of his adversary's odds.

A poor Earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is *Marg'ret* more than
that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a King,
The King of *Naples* and *Jerusalem*,
And of such great authority in *France*,
That his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the *Frenchmen* in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of *Armagnac* may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto *Charles*.

Exe. Beside his wealth doth warrant lib'ral dow'r,
While *Regnier* sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dow'r, my lords! disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To chuse for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his Queen,
And not to seek a Queen to make him rich.

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for Oxen, Sheep, or Horse.

But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed.

And

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons binderh us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd ;
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord, and continual strife ?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth blifs,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with *Henry*, being a King,
But *Marg'ret*, that is daughter to a King ?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
More than in woman commonly is seen,
Answer our hope in issue of a King :
For *Henry*, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair *Marg'ret*, he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
That *Marg'ret* shall be Queen, and none but she.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble lord of *Suffolk*, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
That I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping; post, my lord, to *France*,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That lady *Marg'ret* do vouchsafe to come
To cross the Seas to *England*, and be crown'd
King *Henry's* faithful and anointed Queen.
For your expences, and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I am perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse

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This sudden execution of my will,
And so conduct me, where-from company
I may revolve, and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

Glouc. Ay, grief I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exit. Gloucester.

Suf. Thus *Suffolk* hath prevail'd, and thus he goes,
As did the youthful *Paris* once to *Greece*,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the *Trojan* did:
Marg'ret shall now be Queen, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and realm. [Exit.

F I N I S.



